

Athenian News:

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Dunton's Oracle.

 From Tuesday June the 27th, to Saturday July the 1st, 1710.

The Ladies Play-Fellow, or the Lap-Dog-Post, being a Funeral Oration upon JEWEL, late Lap-Dog to Madam — with an Elegy upon JEWELS Death.

THIS Lap-Dog-Post (which was first call'd a Funeral Oration upon *Favourite my Ladies—Lap-Dog*) was written and publish'd in the Year 1699. without any Name of either Author or Bookseller, and now at the Request of a young Lady; is so Abridg'd and adapted to the sad occasion of *Jewel's* Death, (late Lap-Dog to Madam —) as is hop'd will dry up her Tears for the Loss of her little Play-Fellow, call'd *Jewel*, and at the same time may serve to divert those Ladies whose Lap-Dog *Favourites* are yet living for Lap-Dogs (tho' so much caref'd by the Ladies) is a Subject that is seldom handled, and for that Reason I make this *Lap-Dog-Post*, one of those 3000 that are to furnish out a Universal Entertainment, and perhaps of all my Weekly Papers, the *Lap-Dog-Post*, may be the most acceptable; as 'twas written by a Person of Quality, and Dedicated to *Urania* in these Words, (with some few Alterations adapted to the sad occasion of *Jewel's* Death).

Epistle Dedicatory to Urania.

It is your Command, Madam, that I should make publick the ensuing Oration on *Jewel*, and your Commands can be no more resisted than your Eyes. But besides that it is not in the Power of your Slave to disobey you, I can pay no less a Tribute to the Mane of our deceas'd Friend, than to give this publick Testimony of the respect I have for his Virtues.

Other Lovers not so disinterested as my self, might perhaps triumph at the Death of so considerable a Rival as was *Jewel*. But I, Madam, who take share in all your Afflictions, am so far

from rejoicing at it, and erecting a Trophy on his untimely Destiny, that I profess all the Consolation I can fetch from Philosophy, from the *Lyceum*, the *Porticus*, or the *Tusculanum*, is not able to support me under the deep Sense I have of your unspeakable Loss.

Nor can we condemn, or think unwarrantable your Grief. Were not the World sufficiently acquainted with the Deserts of *Jewel*, yet even those who were altogether Strangers to his good Qualities wou'd deduce a reasonable Consequence, that there was something most emphatically, most conspicuously shining in him, which should prefer him to *Urania's* favour. For certainly a Woman of your Discernment, a Woman so nice a Judge, and so bountiful a Rewarder of Merit, whether in Man or Brute, cou'd never bestow so plentiful a Portion of your Kindness on a Dog, whose Endowment did not give him a Title to it. In fine, you fed, you cherished, you caref'd him. By your Favour you rais'd him more above the Animals of his own Species, than Animals themselves are exalted above the Inferior Vegetables.

'Tis true, he created some private Jealousies, some Discontents in the Breasts of your Admirers: But to do publick Justice to his Ashes, I must say that of *Jewel* your *Favorite*, which cannot, without manifest Injury to Truth, be affirm'd of all the other Favorites of Princes, of the *Richelieus*, of the *Mazarins*, of the *Wolseys*, of the *Buckinghams*, that in the Universal Corruption of a most degenerate Age, he preserv'd an unblemish'd, an inviolable Integrity to his Mistress; that he stood unmov'd, stood unshaken, against all the Attacks of Bribes; that he did not crush calamitous Merit beneath him, nor supplant the Obstacle in his way above him; that he never smiled where he intended to ruine. In short,

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that he despised the little Artifices of the Great; as the Politick Nod, the slavish Cringe, the deceitful Bow, the betraying Hugg, and the murdering Whisper.

But I will enlarge no farther on his Praises, since I am sensible that by my Want of Ability he has suffer'd too much already in the ensuing Oration. Expect not then that after I have injur'd your Dog, I should be so hardy as to attempt your Panegyrick, that is, to injure you. For, Madam, should I employ all the Tragical forces of Rhetorick, should I lavish all the Magnificence of Expression, and all the splendid Pomp of Metaphors, I should fall infinitely short of my Argument. Eloquence here loses its use, the gaudy Train of Tropes and Figures are but vain and empty Ostentation. I shall only say, that all Virgins unite to make a bright Constellation in you, and that if there were a general Shipwreck of your Sex, we should find the scatter'd Perfections of Womankind collected in your self.

Other Ladies, if they have their Graces have their Defects withal. *Angelica* talks away the Merit of her Face, and what she gains by her Eyes, she loses by her Tongue. *Horatia* overwhelms us by the Splendor, and leads us Captives by the Arts of her Dress, who were she to be seen in *dishabillee* in the *ruelle*, would sigh to see her self no longer the Object of Adoration. *Melanissa* appears with advantage in the simplicity of an unartful Attire, who cannot support the Pomp and Ornament of Dress. *Sempronia* treads on every Heart when she Dances, but gains no Triumph when she Sings. *Belinda* charms us with her Voice, but is disagreeable at a Ball. *Oriana*, with her melancholy Air, gives us sad Cause of Melancholy, but excites our Laughter with her own. *Aurelia* has Wit, has Youth, has Beauty to fix the most roving Heart, but cannot fix her own. *Lindamira* wou'd make the most constant Lover in the Universe, but wants the Charms to make us so. *Amelia* speaks favourably of all the World, but gives all the World just occasion not to speak favourably of her. *Cassandra's* Innocence is above the Censure of others, but the Innocence of others cannot defend themselves from the Censure of *Cassandra*. But in you, Madam, we find united all the Advantages of the happiest of your Sex, without any of their Defects. What the most celebrated Wit of this Age has said, of the most celebrated Beauty of a Neighbouring Kingdom, may with equal Justice be applied to you. One may be constant to you, with all the Pleasure of Inconstancy. We change

every moment for your Graces, but are still constant to your Person. But, Madam, as I shall not offer Incense to you that has been presented at other Altars, so neither will I attempt your Comparison with the most illustrious Beauties of the former, or present Ages. When ever we think or talk of you, Madam, the Dispute is not with other, but with your self, which Part, which Feature, which Posture is most agreeable; whether you charm us most when you Move or Sit, Stand or Walk; whether you throw the Lover down more with your Hand, than you trample on him with your Foot; whether is most Powerful, the Eloquence of your Eyes, or that of your Tongue; whether is most delicate, your Tread in the Conduct of your Life, or that of your Gate: In short, whether your Thoughts are brighter than your Looks, and whether is most boundless your Fancy, or the Empire of your Beauty. Thus it is with you, Madam, as with Kings or Princes, whom we dare not bring in Competition with their Inferiours, but measure them by themselves, and compare one part of their Life by the other.

Thus, Madam, by the common Fate of all Dedicators I have suffer'd my self to be carried into the stream of Panegyrick, even after I had protested against it; but I shall prosecute this Argument no farther, which I am not able to sustain; the dreadful Fate of *Salmonius* ought to deter me, who died by the Bolts he endeavour'd to imitate. By observing this conduct, I shall not only consult my own Reputation, but the Interest too and Repose of Mankind: For should I persist to draw your fair Picture, should I descend into the Detail of your innumerable Excellencies and Perfections, there would fall ten thousand Victims at your Feet, and this *Epistle Dedicatory* might prove perhaps in some Sense, a *Funeral Oration* on the Reader.

I see, Madam, your Breast is capable of tender Impressions. You can be mov'd at the Fate of *Jewel*, (no wonder he out-ran Us in your Affection, since four Legs will always be too many for two) take pity then of his Orator. You can weep to see him dead; pay then a Tear to the Funerals of the Man, whom your self, whom your own bright Eyes have slain.

The Ladies Play Fellow, or the Lap-Dog-Post.

Methinks I see some surly Morose Criticks, who mistake their dullness for Gravity, and their Spleen for Religion, look down with a haughty

haughty Solemn Air upon the following Performance, and thus vent their pious Choler against it.

A Funeral Oration upon a Ladies Lap-Dog! why, What can the meaning of that be? How comes Panegyrick, which ought only to be paid to the Memory of the most Eminent Men, and the most virtuous Matrons, in short, to nothing below a Lord Mayor or Alderman, to be squander'd away upon a contemptible Brute? What has this Dog done in his Life-time, to deserve such an uncommon Tribute after his Death? Has he built any Hospitals to provide for Beggars of his own making? Has he founded any Lectures to Preach down Socinianism, or left a brace of Thousand Pounds to the Blew-Coat Infantry? Did he appear vigorously for Liberty and Property, or bark against a Standing Army? If nothing of this is to be found in his History, how comes he to be remember'd in so extraordinary a Manner?

To this I reply, that if I am so complaisant as to obey the Commands of a fair Lady, or if I have a Mind to ridicule the rumbling Bumbast, and vile Prostitution of the Modern Eloquence; or lastly, if I was resolv'd to shew my Wit upon a trivial Subject, what is that to any Body, or where is the harm on't. If the latter is a Sin, several Learned Authors, whose Books I do not think my self Worthy to carry, have been guilty of it before me; *Melancthon*, one of the first Reformers, Writ an Encomium upon an *Ant. Lipsius*, the famous Commentator upon *Tacitus*, celebrated an *Elephant*. *Cardan*, one of the greatest Philosophers of the last Age, the *Gout*, as did likewise that great German Wit, *Bilibaldus Pirckheimerus*. *Dan. Heinsius* shew'd his Parts upon a *Louse*; *Calius Calcagninus* upon a *Flea*; *Johannes Passeratius* upon an *Ass*; *Conradus Godeus* upon an *Owl*; *Franc. Scribanus* upon a *Fly*; *Janus Doussa* upon a *Shadow*; *Martinus Schoockius* upon *Deafness*; *Guil. Menapius* upon a *Quartan Ague*; *Jac. Gutherius* upon *Blindness*; *M. Ant. Majoragius* upon *Dirt*; *Arthur Jonston* upon an *Old Man*; and lastly, *Caspar Barlaeus* upon an *Ens Rationis*. Were I minded to show my great Reading upon this occasion, I cou'd cite an infinite number of the like Examples, as *Synesius* a Primitive Bishop, who Writ an Oration in praise of *Baldness*; but these are more than sufficient. However, now my Hand is in, I cannot forbear to tell my Reader, that *St. Jerome* mentions the last Will and Testament of a *Hog*, under the name *Marcus Grunnius Corocotta*, In short, 'tis a plain Case, that the Ancients, as well as the Moderns, have condescended to adorn mean Subjects; so that with

good Authority I now proceed to publish:

A Funeral Oration upon Jewel, late Lap-Dog to Madam—

I am commanded, Gentlemen, to do a Thing to Day without a President: For I believe I am the first Orator who ever yet undertook to speak the Funeral Oration of a Dog. But if *Catullus* cou'd write an Elegy upon *Lesbia's Sparrow*; And *Martial* an Epigram upon *Publius's Bitch*, if *Alexander* cou'd build and dedicate a Town to the Memory of his Horse; can you think it strange that *Urania*, no less Illustrious by her Beauty, than that Monarch was by his Atchievements; and who has gain'd as wide an Empire by her Eyes, as he did by his Arms: I say, if *Urania* is willing to celebrate the Funerals of the Dog she lov'd so dearly, and for that Reason call'd *Jewel*.

Shou'd even *Mettle* (my Spaniel) die I shou'd perpetuate his good Qualities in a Funeral Song, for like a Winter Friend he sticks close to his Master in all Weathers, He's a Dog of Honour, and teaches Fidelity, Love and Gratitude, to all such as slight their Friends in Distress, well might *Job* say, *Ask now the Beasts and they shall teach thee*. There is such true Love and Gratitude in some Brutes (but more especially in *English Lap-Dogs*) that my *summer Friends* (the greater Brutes of the two) are meer Strangers to.

Then, as *Jewel* eminently excell'd all other Dogs during his Life, so it is but reasonable we shou'd distinguish him at Death.

Wherefore, Gentlemen, I demand your Attention, I demand your Sorrows: For, who will not afford both their Attention, and their Sorrows to *Urania's* Misfortune? Are not her Misfortunes ours, and are we not interess'd in her Afflictions? Is she mov'd with any Passion where-with we are not likewise affected? But besides that, our Grief is a Tribute we owe to *Urania*, and which it is not in our Power to refuse her, *Jewel* himself, and his Virtues, require from us, that we should drop a Tear upon his Grave: For, undoubtedly, never was Dog possess'd of so many excellent Qualities; never was Dog so belov'd living, or regretted dead. To give you a due Sense of our Loss, and that you may apprehend how just, how warrantable our Sorrows are, I shall set before you the Virtues and Endowments of this excellent Creature.

Before I launch out into the immense Ocean of the Argument before me, I might, after the usual and laudable Example of all the celebrated *Panegyrist*s, both of Antient and Modern Times, reckon up a long and illustrious Catalogue of his Heroic

Heroick Progenitors. I might tell you, how, by the Mother, he claims Kindred with all the Courts of *Europe*; there being hardly a Queen, or Princess, or Lady of Quality, throughout *Christendom*, in whose Lap there does not lie some one or other of *Jewel's* great Relations. I might tell you, how, by the Father, he is ally'd to the Stars: How the Celestial Dog beholding from above beautiful *Fanny*, (for *Jewel's* Mother condescended to dignify that Name,) sporting her self in *Urania's* Garden, struck with the Dart of Love, and desirous to possess her, like *Jove* of old quitted his bright Abode, and descending like a Star-shoot upon Earth, compress'd the lovely Nymph in a Bed of Roses, and begot our *Hero*. Behold the Extraction of *Jewel*! Such was the Race of *Hercules*, of *Achilles*, of *Aeneas*; But I shall insist no longer on his Pedigree.

*Nam genus, & proavos, & quæ non fecimus ipsi
Vix ea nostra voco—*

Great Descent, as it adorns true Merit where it finds it, so where it finds it not it does not create it. *Jewel* relies only on his own Deserts for his Fame: *Jewel* reflects back as much Lustre on his Noble Ancestors, as he can derive from them. But let us return from whence we have digress'd, and come to his own Personal Virtues.

First then, was ever any thing so beautiful? Nothing, certainly, was seen so exquisitely form'd. What Star more lovely than his Forehead? What Snow more white than his Feet? What more delicately turn'd than his Ears? What more curiously polish'd than his Neck? No Arrow of *Cupid's* rounder than his Tail: No Dove of *Venus's* smoother and softer than his Back. Assuredly, the Goddess of Beauty her self, were she to appear in the Form of a Four-footed Animal, wou'd assume no other Shape than *Jewels*.

Again, was there ever any thing so well-manner'd? For the Purpose, if at any time any Ladies of Condition and Quality came to pay their Respects and Devoirs to *Urania*, he was never observ'd, like other ill-manner'd Dogs, to run with open Mouth to the Door, and receive them with the clamorous Salute of his Voice but entertain them with a respectful Silence, and introduce them with Civility unto his Mistress, nor, during the whole Visit, as is also the Wont of the rest of Dogs, thrust himself in a rude and troublesome manner into their Laps, disordering their Dress, and with dirty Feet incommoding their Linnen; but, like a well-bred Creature, sit at a due Distance, and silently wait the Call of the Ladies.

A Third remarkable Quality was, his Cleanliness. And truly so clean did he constantly appear, with a Body so white, so smooth, so sleek, that one wou'd say *Venus* her self had comb'd him, that all the Cupids had unanimously wash'd him, and that all the Graces had elaborately and exquisitely wip'd him. And so careful and solicitous was he to preserve himself so, that he avoided all Commerce with the Stables or Kitchen, lest he should contract a Filth thereby; confining his Conversation altogether to the Chamber or the Parlor, to the Bed or the Couch. Nor wou'd he ever, without manifest Shew of Regret, commit himself to the Arms of a Foot-man, or common Servant, as apprehending a Stain from their Embraces, and Pollution from their very Touch. In like manner, whenever Nature importun'd him, he wou'd privately withdraw from the Company, into some solitary Retirement, and there obey her Laws: Or if she call'd upon him at a Time more unseasonable, when he was either in the Arms or Lap of a Lady, he wou'd signify with his Foot, or by some certain Tone of his Voice, the Necessity that press'd him, and admonish her to set him down.

'Twou'd be endless a farther Enumeration of his Virtues. I shall only mention one Quality more, which crowns and consummates all; that is to say, his unparallel'd Affection to his Mistress. I say, Unparallel'd; for I believe, upon all the Records of Story, there is not to be found an Instance of so unexempl'd and singular a Love in Dog: And, as on the one Hand I may boldly affirm, that never had Dog so kind a Mistress; so on the other, I may with Truth aver, that never had Mistress so Affectionate a Dog. *Urania's* Soul and Body were not more straitly united, than were She and her Dog; and as soon might she have been separated from her self, as from him: Wheresoever she went, he was still her Companion; not her own Thoughts were more constantly with her: He wou'd accompany her in her private and in her publick Walks; he wou'd attend her in the Park, in the Play-house, at Balls, at the Court, and in her Visits; he wou'd follow her to her Chamber, to her Closet, to her Bed; he wou'd invade her very Retreats and Solitudes.

But that wherein he most manifestly and signally testify'd his Love to his Mistress, was, his constant Attendance and Presence in the Time of her late Illness: For, during the whole Course of her Sicknes, from the first Moment the Violence of her Indisposition confin'd her to her Bed, *Jewel* was

was not known to be absent from her one Minute; but placing himself at the Top of her Pillow, continu'd there to abide and watch by her whole Nights and Days, without Intermission: Nor cou'd he ever, by Force or Flattery, be prevail'd upon to quit his Seat, before such time as *Urania* was perfectly restor'd to her good Condition of Health.

No wonder then if a Dog thus excellently endow'd, and singularly qualify'd, was both admir'd and lov'd, was favour'd and caress'd by all that had the least Acquaintance with his Merits. Upon the Score of these rare Qualities and Virtues, if any Dog, assuredly *Jewel* deserv'd to be Immortal. But, alas! every thing beneath the Sun must terminate, and have an End. After that *Jewel* had been deservedly the Joy and Delight of the Ladies, and that he had arriv'd to the highest Pitch of Happiness attainable here below, that is to say, had acquir'd particularly the Favour and Love of *Urania*, behold, unexpectedly is he taken from us!

Who can here forbear to grieve, forbear to lament? Who wou'd not here abundantly weep, abundantly sigh? What Heart so insensible, but wou'd relent and melt? What Breast so barbarous, but wou'd feel Sentiments of Sorrow?

*Weep Ladies, weep Gentlemen, weep; Jewel is dead;
Urania's beloved Dog is dead.*

Poor *Jewel*! How art thou chang'd from what thou wast but yesterday? What a Revolution has one Day made? Thou, whom but four and twenty Hours ago the Sun beheld in *Urania's* lovely Lap; behold, now shortly the cold Earth will contain thee. Thou, whom she bore about in her tender Arms; behold, now the rough Embraces of Death to fold thee. Thou, who wast then thy Mistress's Joy, art now her Grief. Thou, who wast then our Envy, art now our Pity. Lastly, Thou, who wast then so visibly distinguish'd from all other Dogs, art now confounded with the Meanest.

No more now wilt thou entertain *Urania* as thou wast wont, with wanton Play: No more now wilt thou divert her with a Thousand Sportive Tricks: No more wilt thou be her beloved Companion in her Chamber, in her Parlor, in her Garden, in her Coach, in her Walks, at her Table, and on her Couch. Alas! Where is now that Beauty, which render'd thee the Admiration of all that beheld thee? Where those innumerable Graces, by which thou didst transcen-

dently surpass the rest of Dogs, and which created thee the Love of the Ladies, and the Envy of the Men? So far art thou from being that admir'd, that beautiful Thing, which once thou wert, that we are making all the Haste we can to remove thee out of our sight, as an Object that offends us, as a Spectacle our Eyes are not able to support without Aversion and Pain.

*Weep Ladies, weep Gentlemen, weep; Jewel is dead;
Urania's beloved Dog is dead.*

Who can here forbear complaining of the Rigour of Fate? Who wou'd not be almost tempted to expostulate in these Terms? Why are the most excellent Things still the most perishable? Why was the Flower so fair, yet fading? Why is what we esteem most, snatch'd from us soonest? Why had not Fate bestow'd fewer Virtues on *Jewel*, or given a larger Extent to his Life? But, vain are these Expostulations: *Jewel* is irrecoverably, he is for ever gone. Dishevel your Hair, Ladies, and tear your Garments: Disfigure your Faces, Gentlemen, and knock your Breasts. *Let us grieve; let us lament?*

But what do I madly do? Why do I endeavour to move your Tears, which but flow of themselves too fast? Why do I attempt to raise your Grief, which rather wants Restraint than Incitement. Alas! we have Lamented enough: Let us rather seek how to diminish, than augment our Sorrow; we need Comfort, we need Consolation. Let these following Considerations then mitigate our Grief.

First, We wou'd do well to consider, That to dye, is to pay a common Debt to Nature, and is a Necessity, to which the greatest and best Men have submitted. Of all these infinite numbers of Men: Of all these prodigious swarms of Animals that fill the Globe; is there one single Person or Creature, who is exempted from this Lamentable Law? Nay, do not the most inanimate, the most insensible things arrive at the same End, and suffer the same Destiny with us? Do not the most durable Walls, the strongest Fortifications decay? The Sun, which is daily a Spectator of of so many Funerals both of Men and Beasts, is it not it self perishable? The Earth, which is the common Grave of every living Creature, will it not find it self a Sepulchre in the Universal Ruin? The Heavens, the Stars, the Elements, the whole Mass of the Universe, will it not sooner, or later, suffer Dissolution? Nay, what is yet more lamentable, what is yet more deplorable,

ble, that which is fairer than the Heavens, that which is brighter than either Sun or Stars, the noblest Production, the most exquisite Composition of Nature, *Urania* her self, will she not one Day die, and can we then demand with Justice that *Jewel*, (her Favorite) should be Immortal?

Next, let us remember that our Grief may be hurtful to our selves, but cannot be any real Benefit to *Jewel*. Cou'd our Lamentations indeed call him back to Life, cou'd our Sighs inspire new Breath into him, or our Tears water the lovely Flower till it revived, our Sorrows then were warrantable; but, alas! Fruitless are our Sighs, unprofitable our Tears.

Lastly, Let us comfort our selves with this Assurance, that *Jewel* whatsoever his Condition be, is not unhappy. For if, as most Philosophers hold, the Souls of Brutes perish, and are entirely extinguish'd with the Body, not existing after Death, as he is not capable of Happiness, so neither is he of Misery. But if that other Opinion be true, that the Souls of Brutes, as well as Men, do not dye, but only change their Habitation, and pass by way of Transmigration from out of one Body into another, *Jewel* may enter once more upon the Stage of Life, and he that now parts from *Urania* a Dog, may perchance return to her again a Squirrel, or Sparrow; or it may be a Lover.

Since then he is Partaker of a common Lot, since our Tears can neither profit him nor our selves, and since we are perswaded he is not unhappy, let us omit an unjustifiable and unnecessary Sorrow.

Jewel himself, cou'd he speak, wou'd certainly bid us cease our Lamentations, and give over our needless Complaints, expressing himself after this Manner:

Mourn not for me; for, to what purpose is it to mourn? Has not my Orator already told you, that your Tears are idly and unprofitably spent; that they cannot avail to restore me again to Life; and why then this weeping? Why these Complaints? Why these sad Sighs? Do not disquiet your selves in vain. Do not give your selves Anxieties which are not needful; But as for you, my beautiful Mistress, it is your Interest more especially to be sedate, unless you design to revenge the Men's Quarrel on your own fair Face, and ruin that Beauty, which has ruin'd them. For what have those lovely Cheeks done that you shou'd endeavour, by excess of Grief, to rob them of those Graces which subdue all Hearts? How have those bright Eyes offended you, that thus you go about, by

immoderate weeping, to deprive them of that Lustre by which they kill? Are you resolv'd to make my Grave your Beauty's Sepulcher? Alas! I am not worthy of the least of your Thoughts, much less your Tears, which are Gems too bright, too inestimable to be thrown away so lightly. But if you shall still retain any Kindness for a Dog that has serv'd you faithfully, demonstrate it another way than by your Tears. Transfer your Love as a Legacy I bequeath from my self to my Orator, from the Dead to the Dead, but yet from one you cannot recover, to one whom you can.

I say the Dog himself, had he a Voice, wou'd express himself in the Manner I have represented.

What remains then, but that we bring at once our Grief and our Discourse to a Period? Let us perform our last Office to *Jewel*. Let us commit his Body to the Dust, and so depart.

An Elegy upon the sad occasion of Jewel's Death, in Immitation of the 9th Ode of Anacreon.

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TELL me, whose pretty Dog are you? Whence do you come, and whither go?

Urania is my Lady's Name,
To her I go, from her I came:
O're ev'ry Heart the Maid does Reign,
And Men are proud to drag her Chain.
At her bright Feet they bleeding lie,
For her they Sigh, for her they die,
Then use me tenderly, for know,
Her Eyes will sure return the Blow.
She calls me *Favorite* and loves
Me more than *Venus* does her Doves.

What wou'd you give Alas! to be
Urania's Favorite like me?
Where e're my Mistress does repair,
I and the Graces follow her.
Sometimes with her in Coach I ride,
Young Cupids runing by our side.
Sometimes she Walks with Noble gate,
Whilst I, and Ruine on her wait.
'Till kindly favouring my Feet,
She makes her own bright Arms my Seat.

What wou'd you give, Alas! to be
Urania's Favorite like me?
With her at Table do I Eat,
And take my Dinner from her Plate.

Or standing at her Chair am fed,
Receiving from her hand the Bread.

*What wou'd you give, Alas! to be
Urania's Favorite like me?*

Me on her lovely Lap she lays,
With me she Sports, with me she plays.
Sometimes her Bosom's Snow I beat,
With Sportive motion of my Feet:
Sometimes her Mouth I Kiss, and Sip
The Nectar from her Rosy Lip.

*What wou'd you give, Alas! to be
Urania's Favorite like me?*

At Night I follow her to Bed,
And on her Bosom lean my Head.
The little God of Love, and I
Together on one Pillow lie.
The Dog which in the Heav'ns appears,
And Shines among the glorious Stars,
I Envy not, while here I rest,
For there is Heaven in her Breast.

*What wou'd you give, Alas! to be
Urania's Favorite like me?*

But it is time that I were gone,
I've told my Tale, and so have done.
Poor Man! you Sigh, Alas! I fear
Urania then is too severe.
Farewell, and may my Mistress be
To you as gentle, as to me.

The Rhyming-Post continued.

A Panegyrick upon Lesbia's Sparrow.

OH! a thousand weeping Eyes,
Tender Sighs, and mournful Cryes!
Beautious Nymphs, whose gentle Hearts
Ever felt Love's flaming Darts!
Smiling Graces! Wanton Loves!
Venus Sparrows, and her Doves!
Oh! one Tear for Pity shed,
Lesbia's Love her Sparrow's dead.

Death hath seiz'd what she did prize
Dearer than her lovely Eyes:
Oh! 'twas sweet, 'twas neat and pretty,
Gentle, active, brisk and witty:
Never Twins yet lov'd each other
Better, never Child its Mother.

From my *Lesbia's* Bosom none
Could seduce it to be gone;
But it hopp'd now here, now there,
Waiting silently to hear
Her bewitching Tunes, and then
Sweetly chirp'd her Notes again.

But the little Soul is flown
Now from us, alas! 'tis gone

Down the dark and dismal Way,
Whence none e'er return'd, they say.

Now may endless Curses dwell
With that ugly Place call'd Hell;
Nothing lovely, nothing fair,
Those ill-natur'd Fiends can spare.
All my *Lesbia's* Joys are fled,
All with the sweet Creature's dead;
All the Glories of her Eyes,
Are eclips'd, and now she cries,
Since her darling Sparrow fell,
'Till her ruddy Eye-lids swell.

*Martial's Epigram on Publius's little Bitch Issa,
seems made to follow this.*

Publius's Bitch paraphras'd.

Sprightly was fair *Lesbia's* Sparrow,
Struck by Death's relentless Arrow,
Chaste's the mournful Turtle's Billing,
Sweet's a Nymph when fair and willing;
And no Gems are valu'd more
Than those brought from *India's* Shore;
But soft *Issa* far outvies
All those little Rarities.
Issa were a Bitch for *Jove*,
Issa is her Master's Love.
Blooming Beauties, tender Loves,
Sprightly Sparrows, harmless Doves;
All that's lovely, all that's sweet,
Do's in pretty *Issa* meet.

If the whining Thing complains,
You'd believe you heard the Strains
Of old *Aesop's* Eloquence,
When both Birds and Beasts spoke Sense.

She from her kind Master borrows,
All the Signs of Joys and Sorrows,
And, as if concern'd, can live
Passion's Representative.
When Sleep plays in *Issa's* Eyes,
On his Neck reclin'd she lies,
Where her Sighs so gentle be,
Silence is as loud as she.

Never yet could *Cupid* find
Room in chastest *Issa's* Mind,
Nor a Mate was fram'd by Nature,
Worthy of the tender Creature;
But the modest Thing might be
Wedded to a Nunnery.

But lest greedy Fate should prove,
Stronger than her Master's Love,
And on some unhappy Day,
Snatch the lovely Prize away,
Issa's charming Counterfeit
Is in painted Tables set;

Where,

Where, when forc'd to yield her Breath,
 She'll survive in spite of Death;
 Where such Strokes the Painter gives,
 That the very Shadow lives,
 And resembles *Iffa* more
 Than she did her self before.
 Do but now compare each Part,
 Nature's Work with that of Art;
 Such strange Emulation there
 Does in both their Hands appear,
 That you must this Judgment give,
 Both are Shades or both must live.

*The She-Wit; or, Poetick Fondness: Being a
 Copy of Verses really written by a young Lady, to
 an Officer in the Army, then going to Flanders.*

Kind Slumbers now my pensive Eyes had seiz'd
 And all my Cares but those of *Love* appear'd:
 Whilst sanguine *Dreams* with *Rosy Pinions* spread,
 In various Figures hover o'er my Head;
 And round my Thoughts in easy Circles roul,
 When that lov'd Form which ne'er forsakes my Soul,
 My dearest Life, my warlike Lover came,
 His lovely Eyes, bright with their wonted Flame,
 Dispers'd such fair and active Rays of Light,
 As soon compell'd the wond'ring Shades to flight;
 And yet methought his *beauteous Face* ne'er wore
 Such haughty and suspicious Looks before:
 But my as haughty Thoughts too proud to fear
 Or pause, but when my Virtue cries forbear;
 Excited by my Passion and thy Charms,
 I clasp'd the lovely Captain in my Arms,
 And on thy Lips a thousand Kisses press'd,
 A thousand Times the heavenly Form carest:
 At last, *In spite of Fate*, said I, *thou'rt mine*,
For thus, for ever I'll about thee twine,
And mix the Essence of my Soul with thine.
 By all the pleasing Energy that arms
 Thy Soul and Eyes with such peculiar Charms;
 By all thy *Falshood*, all thy Smiles, and all
 The tender Things that did my Heart enthrall;
 By all that has the Power my Soul to move,
 And Captain, thou art all that I can love.
 Then will you leave me, false One, and be gon,
 To make me yet more wretched and undone?
 Relentless as thou art, my charming Foe,
 I love thee still too much to let thee go.
 Shall I with my lov'd *Policrates* part? (Heart!
 How those curs'd Words pass grating thro' my
 No, *Breath and Soul* shall first abandon me,
 E'er I thus tamely yield to part with thee.

Then urg'd by Love to thee in softer Strains,
 The unhappy, wounded, *Phillis* thus complains;
 Those lovely Eyes that have my Ruin been,
 I ne'er perhaps, I ne'er shall see again;
 Yet the deep Wounds they left within my Breast,
 By Fate it self are scarce to be redress'd:
 Nor can I shun their Darts, while every Place
 Is haunted with thy *sweet enchanting Face*.
 Thy bright Resemblance will my Soul pursue,
 Tho' I no more the dearer Substance view:
 Now to my wond'ring Thoughts thou dost appear,
 Clothed with the State the Majesty and Air,
 That once (oh! fatal Time) I saw thee bear.

When —————
 You look'd and mov'd, that even the stupid Crowd,
 Admir'd and Idoliz'd thee as they bow'd:
 Not *Jove*, when Love allay'd the Deity.
 Appear'd so charming so divine as thee.
 Still on thy lovely Eyes I fondly gaze,
 And melt in Raptures of a soft Amaze;
 I meet the very Look and fatal Smile,
 That first did my unpractis'd Heart beguile:
 I see thy tempting Lips begin to move,
 But oh! 'tis Death to hear thee whisper Love.
 I dare not let the fatal Venom in,
 Which to my Soul has so pernicious been:
 Thus dear *resistless Tyrant*, is my Breast,
 With nothing else but thy bright Form possess'd.
 And thus for ever thou without controul,
 Shalt reign, disputeless *Monarch* in my Soul.
 Since there's no Mortal fit to Rival thee,
 Or great enough besides to conquer me.
 Nor is it likely those Auspicious Eyes,
 That boast the Faithful *Phillis* Heart their Brize,
 Should e're esteem a meaner Sacrifice.
 But grant my Sould Vanquish this desire,
 What Mortal could like thee again Inspire.
 Where were the Eyes to rekindle that Breast,
 Which had the Sparks that thine blew up suppress'd.
 Did my fond Thoughts but to thy Titles bow,
 Thou might'st of some Competitor allow.
 But as thou art as Excellent as Great, (treat
 My Thoughts shall ne're from their just Choise Re-
 Since that bold Passion I Indulge for thee,
 Becomes the Grandure of thy Soul and me.
 'Tis Noble as thy own Heroick Mind,
 And yet believe me Captain so Refined,
 I hardly wish thou wouldst continue kind.
 Nor do I ask the Powers thou mayest return,
 With equal warmth the flames in which I burn.
 No that's too great a Fate for me to prove,
 I would but have thee be convinced I love.